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Professor George D. Kellogg of Union College has contributed to the January number of *American Education* an incisive article on Classical Study as an Aid to Literary Appreciation. This article differs from the majority of those written in defence of the Classics in that it draws particular attention to the value of that minute philological study which in some quarters is regarded as the source of all the evils which now make up the condition of classical teaching. I cannot do better than quote his concluding words.

As college and high school curricula are at present constructed, except in "seminary courses" or studies in Dante, for example, nowhere else is the pupil held down to *minute intensive analysis and interpretation of small portions of good literature*. We classical teachers are idealists. We have had special training in philological method. We have text-books as near perfection as our means can command. We are trying to the best of our ability, directly and indirectly, by precept and example, to drill the logical faculties, impart scholarly method, stimulate curiosity, awaken the imagination, train critical powers, and set standards of taste. Our work is still, as it always has been, both complementary and supplementary to the departments of rhetoric and English literature. We prepare the mind for modern language study. We wield in Latin grammar and prose composition an implement as keen as mental arithmetic. We also develop the historic sense. But above all we are passing on the great traditions of the race.

It is commonly said that too little attention is paid to the literary study of the Classics in our colleges and too much attention is paid to philology. It is refreshing to hear a defence of the latter. This defence is eminently deserved because philological study is in its essentials science and in the methods of philology we are approximating most closely to the much praised scientific method. The difficulty is the overemphasis which is often laid upon philology. An ideal condition would be where both philology and literature have their proper place. After a proper introduction has been obtained into philological method there are many departments of philology which might well be left to the narrow specialist. Professor Kellogg, like many keen observers, is highly impressed by the slovenliness and lack of form of modern literature. He traces this to the lack of careful classical training; so have many other observers. But there is a danger of going too far. We have at the present day many writers whose style leaves little to criticize. They should be

sharply discriminated from the horde of every day writers whose main appeal to the public lies in those qualities which would naturally find expression in slovenly writing. Of course it is the popular taste which is to blame and this taste prefers a racy play to a correct one, a slangy romance to a pure one. Those who cater to this taste are naturally those whose training, such as it is, has not conduced to either mental or moral elevation. I think, therefore, that in lamenting the lower standards of writing we should separate what is ephemeral or is so intended from that which represents the careful efforts of a real thinker. Surely the greater part of modern poetry is well expressed. Whether it be by a Mackaye or a Watson, no criticism can be made of the manner of expression. In the domains of serious literature, history and criticism we can note little, if any, deterioration.

Is it not perhaps time for us to accept frankly the fact that classical training should not be expected to do wonders for the mass? When we speak of the good old English days we must remember that we are speaking of the English aristocracy of position, wealth and leisure, and though many of the great English writers were not either noble, wealthy or men of leisure, yet their environments and clientele belonged to those classes. This is an age of democracy run mad. The ignorant claim the privilege of regulating our systems of education: why should not the ignorant also settle the standards of literature? I have often maintained that a small number of students who come out of their college course able to read Greek and Latin with comparative ease and with minds broadened and mellowed by classical culture would do more to place Classics upon a high plane of dignity than thousands of half-taught and untaught boys and girls. It is human nature to respect the great and to imitate the means by which greatness was obtained and if our great writers and men of letters were frankly classicists classical training would be the fashion.

In an editorial published in the same number with Professor Kellogg's paper his paper is warmly praised.
G. L.

THE PERSONALITY OF TACITUS¹

In the autumnal period of a scholar's life the historical vision is apt to assert itself over against the

¹A lecture delivered before The Classical Club of Yale University.

aesthetical; as the spiritual should be normative and dominant amid the powers of man, the pleasurable sense of mere form must and should somewhat recede in the scale of valuations and in the range of concerns.

Further, the excessive articulation and ever proceeding segmentation of classical philology is an evil. The crux of that department is the incrustation of the authors in the accumulated erudition of many generations, and indirectness everywhere.

The greatest thing in Classics, to my mind, is this: to feel and grasp, through literature, the spirit and personality of those who made great literature. Reading, reading, reading. It is clear that such reading must be carried to a point where it proceeds *con amore*. Taste, coupled with historical and psychological insight, must ever become deeper, stronger, truer. To say that cultural interests must recede in the graduate stage of study is profoundly erroneous. But there must be no mere plucking of flowers, no mere mulling over famous aphorisms or star passages. The reader must not appropriate or adopt any ready-made valuation or estimate, albeit labeled with a noted name, but must discover for himself that last and supreme charm of classical scholarship, viz. living and well-marked intimacy with the heart-throbs and with the contours of an uncommon personality. A judge of souls is the scholar, not indeed in the way of the legendary Aiaikos, Minos and Rhadamanthos, but still a judge of souls. Eustathius and the Oxford Scholia of the Iliad, or the Venetan of Aristophanes, Hesychius, Pollux, Suidas, Gellius, Festus, Servius, Macrobius, Keil's Grammatici Latini, and other forms of subsidiary apparatus are nothing but helps and means toward the realization of that end and aim of classical philology.

As for Cornelius Tacitus, his personality is so pronounced, his literary manner so unique that the reflexion thereof in the judgments of his readers and students is almost as varied as are their *ingenia*. We observe veritable chasms between appreciations, e. g. like those of Bernhardt and of Schiller, a historian whose own personality is not quite big enough for his theme. Nipperdey claims for his author "grossartige Quellenforschung". Mommsen (Hermes 4) rather belittles him and even ventures the wildly improbable remark that in his style Tacitus merely reflected the manner of his social class in his own day.

The charming essay of his earlier manhood lies before us. Hostility toward the current and dominant manner of oratory is not less clearly marked than in Quintilian or in the Younger Pliny. As young Cicero had earnestly sought to form and advance himself by patterning after definite living models such as Crassus and Antonius, so young

Tacitus sought to discover in the orators Aper and Iulius Secundus what were the *arcana semotae dictionis*. His conception of the limitations of his political and oratorical culture evidently was generous and large: it furnishes to us a luminous foil to Quintilian's enumeration and valuation of Greco-Roman letters. Even to enumerate or briefly to review the estimates of the younger Tacitus would carry me too far. They are not merely elegantly turned, but permeated with sound and true taste. Oratory, philosophy, poetry had done much for him. From the fencing faculty of the Academy, from the sublimity of Platonic style, from the great standards of the Attic *bema* to the forensic exemplars of his own commonwealth, Gaius Gracchus, Cicero, Caesar, Caelius, Pollio and further—he had in a professional and cultural way made them his own: with so wide and profound a preparation he confronted the weaker and debased taste of his own time with consummate freedom and with keenness of forensic judgment. No Stoic, but deeply influenced by this noblest of ethical systems of antiquity, he stands there, in a certain practical and real way, at the parting of the roads.

The prizes of contemporary oratory are before him. The poet Maternus with his tragedies of freedom, and a certain *contemptus mundi* withal, he honors and esteems with an idealization which is earnest and true. But on the other hand he is not unaware of the enormous worldly reward of the gifted orator who serves the times and conforms to the fashionable taste of the times. Here appears Eprius Marcellus, like himself without the commendation of ancestral nobility, who attained to the enormous fortune of *ter milies sestertium* (thirteen millions in our money). Here was a power which could fill the antechambers of the pleader with an anxious throng of clients, which could serve and oblige emperors, which could attack entire provinces of the empire—the very epigrams and aphorisms (often uttered before the *élite* of the capital in fashionable recitations) which fell from his lips were eagerly seized by gifted youth from all parts of the mediterranean world and carried home to the ends of the earth.

Seneca, indeed, in his wonderful career and in the successive stages of the display of his unique brilliancy had first brought the palm to Corduba by his matchless faculty of versification; later he had turned to a public career intersected by bitter exile on the rocks of Corsica. Still later a minister and mentor of young Nero for five years he had guided him, on the whole, worthily and wisely. Nay, Trajan said later that Nero's first five years had been of rare excellence in the history of the Roman principate. But Seneca is not adduced by the young aspirant for a great career. The allusions to

Vespasian are grateful and adroit. But still even these reveal the better and deeper strain in the character and ideals of young Tacitus. Vespasian, to whom he owed his final political advancement in his senatorial career (H.I.I), is called not merely *venerabilis senex* (Dial. 8), but also *patientissimus veri*, a phrase the publication of which under a Domitian would have been hazardous.

His mind even then, in that vernal stage of his life, is clearly set not to tread in the footsteps of an Epirus Marcellus. There is, indeed, no mention of Nero or of the wicked prosecution of Paetus Thrasea by the senator and orator just named. Still all the world knew that that indictment of the senatorial Stoic had netted Epirus \$220,000 from the privy purse of Nero.

When further on (Dial. 12) young Tacitus refers to the eloquence of these imperial bloodhounds, he minces not his words: 'The practice of this profitable and bloodstained eloquence is of modern date and has sprung up in a depraved standard of conduct'. We know at once where young Tacitus stands and how his ideals were set with a view to his own political future.

There was, then, in his soul, in this initial stage of his public career, a curious and characteristic antinomy of vision and attitude. The principate seems a political necessity. The great issues are no longer determined by senatorial debates. No need any longer of these (Dial. 41): 'what need, further, of many harangues before the people when the deliberation on public matters is carried on not by the inexperienced and many but by the wisest and the one?' Still he turned with a certain wistful regret to the period of the decadent republic when, to his vision, public oratory achieved its most splendid victories. Now, even the time allotted to the pleaders is narrowly circumscribed and measured by the courts. The minor range of the centumviral courts is now the chief arena of forensic oratory. This reference to the middle portion of the reign of Augustus is significant—a period, 'when the long calm of the times and the unbroken peace of the people and the prevailing tranquility of the senate, and, above all, the training administered by the princeps, had, as everything else, so definitely subdued (*pacaverat*) eloquence itself also'. *Pacaverat* is a bitter phrase.

The fifteen years of Domitian's principate have, on the whole, moulded and modified that Tacitus whom we know, and to whom no student of ancient letters can be indifferent. This dark and anxious time, if he had been merely 'on the make', would have made of him merely another splendidly rewarded weapon of imperial tyranny, who, infinitely superior in his superb forensic maturity to Baebius

Massa, to Regulus and Metius Carus, would have gathered enormous wealth and power.

But he was true—to a great degree—to his youthful ideals. Like the Abbé Sieyès, he could indeed, at the expiration of the reign of terror, say that, somehow, he had, at least, *lived* and passed through it. Light shone once more on his world, the senatorial world of Rome, with Nerva's accession. *Post tenebras lux* one could say of him and of his friends in public life—but a certain gloom never seems to have been lifted from his soul. There has been much tugging and straining and quibbling (as in Schiller) to rewrite the history of the Iulio-Claudian house and of the Flavian dynasty, and to discredit and belittle the pen of Tacitus. As for Domitian, the loss of this part of Tacitus's *Historiae* will always be a deplorable lacuna in our tradition.

But there is also a curious mutual illumination and confirmation found to prevail when we glance from the Domitian of Suetonius to the Panegyricus of Pliny. Most readers flee from the wearisomeness and turgid formalism found in the artificial Ciceronianism of that discourse. But it was written by one who had been almost singed by the thunderbolts of Domitian, among whose private papers was found a memorandum prepared and submitted with a view to Pliny's ruin.

As for the antiquarian Suetonius, that rigid and supremely industrious champion of all the actualities and realities anywhere recorded or recordable, apparently so dispassionate and so devoted to the externalities of historical biography, his brief and concise judgments sometimes contain a wealth of true and felicitous vision. This is the case when he sums up the character and career of Domitian in a few simple words (Dom. 3.2): *quantum coniectare licet, super ingenii naturam inopia rapax, metu saevus*, 'on top of his natural bent and temperament, his resourcelessness made him rapacious, his fear made him cruel'.

As for the hostility toward that which we now call public opinion there was a positive resemblance here between Tiberius and Domitian, whose only stock of reading was the *commentarii* and *acta* of the former (Suet. Dom. 20). But there was still a world of difference between the aged dupe of Seianus and the intensely sensitive and suspicious Flavian. Tiberius began his reign in his autumnal period of life after a ripe and rich experience of good and hard work in the field and in the cabinet. Himself endowed with undoubted penetration in his estimate of human characters, abysmally astounded and embittered by the gigantic treason of Seianus, he ended in bitter and cynical misanthropy.

Of Domitian the account is infinitely less tolerable. So morbid was his suspicion and, we may

plainly say, so bad was his conscience that it was dangerous to emphasize in his hearing any noble quality of anyone, living or dead. Praise of a humane disposition he was apt to conceive as a taunt at his haughtiness, commendation of anyone's clemency he was inclined to take as an imputation of cruelty; when chastity was extolled he felt that they called him lustful; and so on (Pliny, Pan. 3). Fathers and husbands dreaded imperial visits (Pan. 20). Time brought no sense of security to his throne. Even the desire to have offspring was checked under his reign: the uncertainty of the future was to the aristocracy of that time an ever present and ever oppressive element of their consciousness. He prided himself on his penetration and shrewdness: this is meant by his excessive worship of Minerva (Suet. Dom. 15.3). (As for his instruments of death and confiscation, the *delatores*, the rich and the noble could not live and have their being at the capital without exposing themselves to these: everywhere they watched their intended victims, in the forum, in the temples; no testament was secure; no one was sure to maintain his civil status; neither childlessness nor children availed anything. The treasury was, as it were, a regular resort and dovecot of the *delatores* (Pan. 36), where they gathered to receive their moieties from the estates of their victims.

New and oppressive taxes were devised (Pan. 37). Slaves in the households of the aristocracy were often secretly commissioned by Domitian and treated with a kind of friendship (Pan. 42). If Domitian was a coheir in a will he often took all because he was in the will at all—at other times he took all because he was *not* named in the will (Pan. 43). The emperor's social attentions were often a means of rocking into security his intended victims: exile and ruin were frequently the sequence of his professions of interest and good will (Pan. 48).

The emperor-cult is, to my vision of classical antiquity, a consistent consummation of that somewhat overrated paganism—a corollary and logical extension of certain deep traits and features of it: a symbolism of a kind of loyalty under the better emperors and not felt oppressively then. But by Domitian it was maintained with a rigor and a very real insistence by which his subjects felt brutalized. The formal letters of his fiscal provincial agents, he ordered, should begin with this phrase: 'our lord and god orders this or that to be done' (Suet. 13). Not content with this he made it obligatory on all to employ this phrase of reference. His own statues on the Capitol, he ordained, must be of silver and gold and of a definite weight.

Even if the aedile and praetor Tacitus had not held these preferments under the tyrant, and even if he had not subsequently to 88 held some pro-

vincial assignment (perhaps on the Rhine), even as one to whom personal and moral freedom was dear, as one whose political ideals even under the fair and moderate government of a Vespasian were bound up with a loving vision of the Roman republic, he would have abominated that which he was formally and outwardly for fifteen years to reverence and respect, adjusting to such a treacherous, mendacious, and morally irresponsible master not merely his public but his private life.

Agricola, his father-in-law, died in 93. But during the subsequent years Tacitus dared not write any biography. When at last he did, was it a volcanic or rhetorical fanfaronade? By no means. His words are keen and his utterance of an acerbity and a depth of feeling which transcends immeasurably mere manner or mannerism. It was not so much from an atrophy of literary function and power that he had suffered during those fateful fifteen years. If a moderate or fair ruler had succeeded to Titus, would the eminent orator have become a historian at all? It was the protest of his innermost being against a tyranny which forbade those to live who had praised the philosophers of freedom; the helpless witnessing of the destruction by official decrees of such letters was perhaps the original incentive which matured in him the resolution to write history. When the unspeakable Domitian had perished in his chamber in September, 96, as though by a common impulse the gold and silver statues of the tyrant were dashed to the ground, iron was plied, axes were swung with such ferocity as though blood and agony came at each stroke (Pan. 52).

And now let us survey the lineaments of the historian. Tacitus's father and uncle seem to have been merely of equestrian rank. To himself, his senatorial rank is a very real and precious thing. As an author he felt a strong affinity for Sallust, whose terse and precise drawing of character, whose moral earnestness no less made him an older kinsman. But the wide span of republican freedom as Livy recorded it was to him an ideal the impossibility of achieving which in his own task filled him with painful regret.

He loves freedom. His philosophy of history, deeply tintured by Stoic thought, is briefly this (A. 3.26): There was once a primitive society or golden age, where all men were equal. The modification of that equality was due to the coming in of moral evils. Autocratic rule originated from ambition and violence which took the place of restraint and delicate moral sense. Romulus was an autocrat; Numa, but even more Servius, made constitutional settlements.

He does not believe that a blending of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy is ever practically realized (A. 4.33) You may praise such a government,

but you will fail to find it among men. He recognizes the hard fact of actual monarchy as a final consummation, and he is not aware of any dyarchy. The details of that imperial government which he is to set forth are bitterly offensive, in the main, to his moral sense: their recurrence is obvious.

His limitations are of his class and of his Roman pride. Piso, the choice of Galba for adoption, was highborn on both sides (H. 1. 14). Vespasian, apart from his covetousness, was equal to the ancient commanders (H. 2.5). Otho's father was of consular rank, his grandfather of praetorian; his mother's family was not of the same level (H. 2.50). Sextilia, mother of the Vitellii, was a lady of the ancient mode of living (2.64). The old discipline and the customs of the forbears are praised as characteristic of a time when the power of Rome was better founded on valor than on money—as now (2.69).

But this idealization of the past and this gloomy vision of the present do not prevent him from holding clean cut and incisive views as to individual figures of the republican period. Pompey at heart was no better than Sulla. Even Livius Drusus finds no favor in his eyes.

A Roman senator in the era of Domitian-Trajan had in his consciousness a twofold element. Proud and splendid was his position as over against the world at large, the provinces and the subject races of that Mediterranean empire. But the *princeps* was, after all, the practical source of power and preferment. Vespasian, Titus and Domitian himself bestowed upon this lover of freedom his *cursus honorum*. To Tacitus these fetters were galling. But he himself also knew well that this tremendous fabric, the empire, was dependent, for its coherence and continuance, on a single arm and on one will and mind.

His study of the Germans had deep lessons for the senator and man of affairs. Euphrates, Rhine, Danube—it was a vast periphery of subject provinces, but even then the German streams were the chief concerns for sober political minds.

Still the thinker Tacitus frankly praises those features in the social order of the Germans which indirectly condemned the demoralization of the Roman aristocracy. As for the speech of the Caledonian Calgacus (Agr. 31 ff.), it was the function of technical rhetoric to adjust sentiment dramatically to the character portrayed. But still the moral judgment on Rome is the Roman's own: robbers of the world are the Romans—if the foe be rich, they are greedy, if the foe be poor, they are still ambitious to encompass his subjection; neither Orient nor Occident will satisfy them. Through military levies they carry off the young men to serve in distant provinces. Nothing is safe from the

lust of the governing class. Tribute eats up a goodly part of the subjects' substance: a goodly part of the crops go to taxes and tithes—the provinces pay perpetually for their own subjection. Mines and ports are worked by the subjects for the Roman government.

And so Tacitus looks upon the German patriot Arminius, though he had destroyed the three legions of Varus, as a hero: cf. A. 2.88 *caniturque adhuc barbaras apud gentes, Graecorum annalibus ignotus, qui sua tantum mirantur*.

His humanity, however, is by no means as wide and deep as that of Seneca, whose culture and ideals and philosophical earnestness had broken the crust of Roman pride.

Tacitus's attitude toward the Greeks is distant and haughty. Once only, I believe, in his maturest work, he resorts to a parallel or point from Greek letters. It is a self-revelation of the aged Tiberius in his desolate and wretched state of being which brings up before the historian a passage from Plato (A. 6.6): 'and not in vain was the foremost philosopher wont to say that if the minds of tyrants were laid bare, one could behold there mangled spots and bruises, since, as the body by lashes, so the soul was torn by cruelty, by lust and by its own wicked designs. Thus neither fortune nor the primacy of a sequestered abode sheltered Tiberius from confessing his own tortures of the heart and his own chastisement'.

That haughty consciousness, I say, and that limitation of Roman pride have rendered signally worthless his references to powers for which he had no standard of judgment in the whole range of his personality, viz. the Jews and the Christians. In A. 15.44 he echoes without criticism or any insight whatever the popular hatred and obloquy for those to whom St. Paul had written his greatest epistle and among whom he labored and sojourned, a prisoner of state, soon to join the noble band of martyrs. Scum of the earth were these believers to him, he saw only *exitiabilis superstitio* in the most precious message to a world whose wretchedness and deep sinfulness even a Seneca did not more eloquently attest than the proud senator and great orator and master of letters.

As we pass on to a conclusion of this sketch, we marvel on several things. Almost the entire century, from 14-96, was traced by the historian. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Domitian—who could write these reigns with a greater love of truth or with a pen behind which were nobler ideals and admiration for freedom? Themes they were deeply unsatisfactory in themselves: but for a lively and vigorous mind which had passed through the fifteen years of Domitian, for a soul which had suffered more keenly perhaps than any other so gifted and

so equipped, even the brighter and nobler life possible under Trajan did not light the atmosphere of gloom and hopelessness which vaulted his path for the rest of his life.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

E. G. SIHLER.

REVIEW

Syntax of Classical Greek. From Homer to Demosthenes. Second Part. The Doctrine of the Article. By B. L. Gildersleeve, with the Cooperation of C. W. E. Miller. New York: The American Book Co. (1911).

The very morning I was to put in order some notes on this book, the post brought a letter from a former pupil, now at Oxford, from which a quotation is here made. "When in Germany I met a Bonn student who told me a remarkable story about his Greek professor. One day in the Seminar the professor said he had just received the finest Greek grammar he had ever seen. It read like a poem and was written by a poet. He handed it around, saying it was not his usual practice to risk injury to his books by students, but he must insist that the members of the Seminar be able to say they had at least touched—*Gildersleeve's Greek Grammar*. The student said the professor clasped and hugged it as though it were a most precious darling (Liebling)". That report from the University sacred to the memory of Ritschl and Buecheler and Bernays justifies—if it needed any justification—a remark in Professor Humphreys' review of this same grammar (see *Classical Philology* 6.358-361): "To review a work of Gildersleeve, a scholar whose utterance is law, can be little more than simply to state its contents".

Those are tributes to his worth and rank as a scholar; I am minded to quote extracts from two private letters which show his influence upon younger scholars, even those who never directly studied under him. One writes: "I shan't begin on Gildersleeve; I'd write a book. . . To me he is one of three: Wheeler, Gildersleeve, Vahlen—tho' I was never under Gildersleeve". The other says: "I have never had the good fortune to study under Professor Gildersleeve, but he has uniformly been kind and helpful to me on all occasions, and, of course, all of my Greek syntax that is worth knowing was culled from the notes on Justin Martyr and Pindar and from his wonderful articles in the *Journal*".

Part 1 of the Syntax, it will be remembered, was devoted to the simple sentence. Part 2 treats of the simple sentence expanded by multiplication and qualification of both subject and predicate, the new volume covering, however, only the subject, though running over occasionally and unavoidably into the domain of the predicate. In the Preface, Professor Gildersleeve says with reference to his collaborator,

Professor Miller: "In the second part, and especially in the treatment of the article, the collection and the sorting of the examples have been carried out with his characteristic fulness and accuracy, so that I desire that all credit be given to him for the value of this segment of the work as a repository of facts".

The phenomena of syntax are presented under the different departments of literature. From the Attic orators, as the standard of conventional Greek, the collaborators worked backward through philosophy and history to tragic, lyric, and epic poetry, "comedy being the bridge which spans the syntax of the agora and the syntax of Parnassus". With this plan we get an orderly arrangement of examples; these are selected largely from their own collection—the fullest and best doubtless ever got together in orderly fashion in a Greek grammar. In the prefaces of both volumes we are reminded that the framework here is the same as that in Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar*.

Certainly we have here the facts of the language. I at least have never seen the facts of the Greek language so lucidly and felicitously stated and so luminously and interestingly arranged. In proof of that remark, see the page (215) of preliminary explanation about the article (§ 514). It is illuminating as well as interesting. Or see again § 536, on The article with proper names. If further proof is needed, read § 555, Article with names of towns. Look through the list of examples here, at least those from Demosthenes and Herodotus, with the parenthetical remarks; then refrain from reading, if you can, § 556 on πόλις, § 557 on Πειραιεύς, § 558 on Seas, § 559 on ποταμός, § 560 on ὄρος, § 561 on νῆσος. The paragraph on ποταμός—especially the usage of Xenophon and Thucydides—is positively fascinating. As a specimen of felicitous statement I cannot refrain from quoting § 505: "*Abstract Nouns with the article*. Under this head the influence of the original personification is to be considered, and the article with the abstract is almost on a line with the articular names of the gods (A. J. P. xi, 53), the ἡ ἀρετή of Euripides (Suppl. 596) with the ἡ Ἀδράστεια of Aeschylus (P. V. 936). In fact it is often doubtful whether we have a personification or an abstract noun, especially in the nominative". I am strongly tempted to quote other felicitous statements, remarking that the reviewer's enthusiasm cannot be fully appreciated without seeing the examples arranged under each heading. The requirements of space, however, set a limit, loath though one is to stop. For I am reminded of the time when, thirty years ago at Williams College, I loaned the late Professor Gould a copy of Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar*, which—wonderful to say—he had never seen. He returned it next morning at breakfast, saying he had read it deep into the night—"One of the most interesting books I ever saw".